

Hope Star

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The Star's Platform

CITY

Control the resources of the municipal power plant to develop the natural and special resources of Hope.
 Improve city government in 1931 and improved sanitary conditions in the city and business back yards.
 Support the Chamber of Commerce.

COUNTY

A county highway program providing for the construction of a certain amount of all-weather road each year, to gradually reduce the dirt-road mileage.
 Political and economic support for every scientific agricultural program which offers practical benefits to Hempstead county's great industry.
 Encourage former organizations, believing that co-operative effort is practical for the county, to get it in town.

STATE

Continued progress on the state highway program.
 Fairness in the reform, and a more efficient government through the budget system of expenditures.
 Free Arkansas from the cattle tick.

Just Another Ghost Story

EVERY business depression raises its own crops of ghost stories.

When business fell off in 1914 we remember reading a prophecy in the Literary Digest that the new-fangled cafeteria was going to put the restaurant out of business. It wasn't true.

Every since America was a pup the mail-order houses have been going to gobble up the small-town merchant. But he's still here.

The 1931 book of ghost stories has a chapter on newspapers. And since we write about everybody else's business we can't with good grace overlook a story about our own.

The current issue of the *Gurdon Times* quotes the head Western Newspaper Union, national newspaper supply organization, as lamenting the fact that 3,000 rural papers have died in the last five years. Quoting the *Gurdon Times*: "He says a decrease parallels a great increase in the circulation of *Gurdon Journals*."

Right there the *Gurdon Times* and the president of W. N. U. are dead wrong.

At the very moment this ghost story was being written *Radio*, the country press, another one was being drafted for the city papers. W. P. Beazell, a former managing editor of *City News*, *New York World*, said in the March issue of *Atlantic*:

"Newspapers are dying. There has been a steady decline in the number of daily newspapers. For the past five years it has been at the rate of one every 19 days. . . . per circulation has reached the saturation point, no longer keeping pace with the growth in population."

Obviously, therefore, if the country press is dying, it's because the city papers have eaten them up—their own pessimists say they are dying too.

There is no answer in the field of radio. The great broadcasting companies operated at a loss in prosperous times, let alone a year like 1930. And most of the individual stations are owned by newspapers.

Most business ghost stories are a fancy bit of juggling with figures. Mr. Beazell's article in the *Atlantic Monthly* is especially interesting to us because he deals with the daily rather than the weekly paper. His lament is based on the fact that in the last five years the country has lost 37 morning papers, 32 evening dailies, and 24 Sunday papers. Yet in the next sentence he says that of the 1,381 American cities having daily newspapers only 400 have more than one paper. There are 981 American cities with but one daily paper.

It seems to us that this is the real explanation of Mr. Beazell's ghost story. The cost of producing daily newspapers is tremendous. In two-thirds of American cities the total business doesn't justify more than one paper. Yet for one reason or another new enterprises are started and later discontinued or combined. These figures show as newspaper "mortalities"—when as a matter of fact they are merely a reflection of the changes bound to occur in any living, growing business.

Far be it from us to say that no sweeping changes ever come over the American business world. But we do say that for every change in fact, there are a dozen ghost stories which, like the above, have no more foundation than the spirit of pessimism with which people are too easily imbued in different business times.

A Poignant Tragedy

IT WAS the irony of fate that the Colorado Blizzard which took the lives of five children and the driver of the bus in which they froze to death should have swept that section of the country after lovely springtime had officially arrived. The death of the six and the probable death of others from pneumonia or frozen limbs, becomes more poignant through its utter hopelessness. The whole precious cargo of 23 boys and girls and the driver were within about a mile of a ranch house when the bus stalled in the snow and the children were compelled to remain inside two nights and days while the driver heroically went to his death in a vain endeavor to summon aid.

That the children met their fate heroically only adds to the pathos of the tragedy. One not used to blizzards may wonder how it was that a tragedy could be so prolonged with relief so close at hand, but the procuring of relief with drifted snow piled 10 to 20 feet and the raging snowfall making night most difficult if not impossible, is something more even than a Herculean feat. One may talk of telephones, making the road better or even of methods of emergency communication in such vehicles of transportation, but the conditions under which the Colorado tragedy was enacted seem to be invincibly fatal.

About the only preventives of such distressing happenings are either to not attempt the journey or else to try it through the air which would have its own danger and perils. The grief over the cruel slaughter of those innocents is only intensified by the hopelessness and helplessness involved.—*Commercial Appeal*.

Weaning Time!



Daily WASHINGTON LETTER

BY RODNEY DUTCHER
 NIA Service Writer

WASHINGTON—For eight months now, until Congress convenes, President Hoover has been the center of the stage and controls the loudspeaker which he has heretofore had to share almost continuously with members of the Senate and House.

A very definite attempt is being made to popularize or "humanize" him through the channels of publicity and the success of that and of Hoover's own use of the propaganda opportunities now available to the White House may have much to do with the way people feel about the president when he runs for re-election. Republican leaders privately admit that Hoover isn't the easiest man in the world to "sell" on his surface personality. It is difficult, they concede, to make people realize how warm his heart really is and hard to make the president himself co-operate when anyone wants to present his "human side."

Hoover is Changing
 Nor has the country any conception, they add, of the terrific labors of a bitterly assailed president in his efforts to cope with the trying period of the last year and a half. Nevertheless, they agree that something certainly ought to be done about it and they have presented the case to Hoover himself. There is some indication that Hoover has realized the force of the argument.

Anyway, with Congress gone, the president soon leaped into the news with his Porto Rico trip and he will be speaking extensively over the country later on. Although the visit to Porto Rico and the Virgin Islands was his first real approach to a vacation, correspondents were told that he hoped to relieve conditions among the islanders by his brief visit and that he felt he could get a better picture of the situation by personal inspection than through long reams of reports.

It has often been claimed that Hoover didn't know how to publicize himself, but the fact is that sometimes he is very good at it and sometimes quite poor. His

appointment of a newspaperman as his secretary has been taken as an indication that he is giving considerable thought to the matter. Some of his friends thought he should name a smart politician, just as Coolidge picked out C. Bascom Sless about a year before the convention which nominated him.

Akerson Missed Good Bets

George Akerson, although considered as a sort of glorified press-agent, missed plenty of bets if that was what he aimed to be. The correspondents now wonder how active Ted Joslin will be in feeding them tidbits of more or less personal news, which might tend to raise Hoover's popularity and esteem.

Meanwhile, the veteran press-agents and feature writers who wondered why the Hoover grandchildren weren't allowed more in the limelight—a quite legitimate method of pro-Hoover publicity—aren't wondering any more. Both they and Mrs. Hoover have withdrawn a month become far more familiar figures to newspaper readers than ever before.

No suggestion is made that anyone seeks to capitalize the presidential family, but it has often been explained that the president strenuously objected to personal publicity for himself and his family and it now appears that some of his objections have been overcome.

At any rate, newspapermen lately have been able to get details of the life of the Hoover kids and as little anecdotes containing some of their bright sayings and doings. Mrs. Hoover speaks over the radio and it becomes known that she has made several awfully dreary speeches.

Publicize Mrs. Hoover, Too
 And suddenly the women's division of the Hoover emergency unemployment committee breaks out with a long mimeographed statement describing Mrs. Hoover's girlhood, her love for children, her outdoor habits and how she learned to ride a bicycle. The head of the division is Dr. Lillian Gilbreth, a warm admirer of the president.

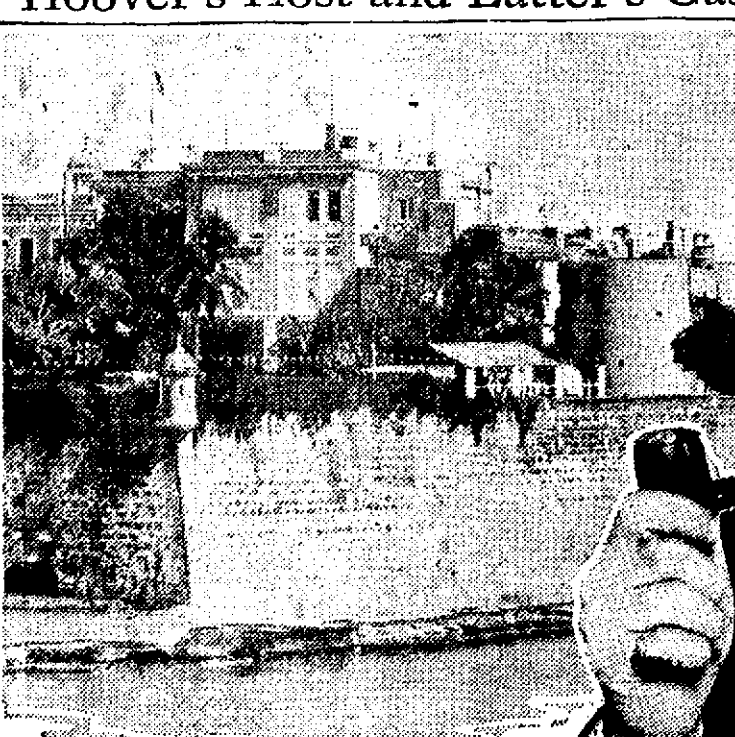
Didn't Live Up to Name

WATERBURY, Conn.—(U.P.)—Irving Lewis Drinkwater drank little water, his wife alleged in bringing suit for divorce on grounds of habitual intemperance.

Name Not Significant

LINDSAY, Cal.—(U.P.)—Mirage avenue here is not what its name might imply. It is a street of shade trees, green lawns and large homes—and not a mirage in a mile of it.

Hoover's Host and Latter's Castle in Porto Rico



In this stately old Spanish castle at San Juan, Porto Rico—now the official residence of the United States' governor of the island—Colonel and Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt planned to entertain President Hoover when he visited them on his vacation trip to the West Indies. Observe the striking resemblance of Colonel Roosevelt to his father, the late president, in the closeup of the governor at the right.

Other Days

From the Columns of
 The Star of Hope

25 YEARS AGO

L. C. Drake leaves today for Denver, Colorado, where he has accepted a position as city salesman for the Denver Gas & Electric Co. His many friends regret to see him leave Hope, and will wish him much success in his future home.

Cards are sent out announcing the marriage of Miss Lucille Rhodes to Dr. E. S. Richards, to be solemnized on the evening of April 25, 1906, at the Baptist church in this city.

The "Sterling Girls" were at home to a few of their friends on Thursday evening at the residence of Mrs. P. A. Tharp on South Main street.

10 YEARS AGO

George B. Fontaine, of Ozon, was in Hope this morning.

Hosna Garrett, an old Hope boy who has made good in the cotton business at Pine Bluff, is in the city for a few days, the guest of his mother, Mrs. Fannie Garrett.

Mrs. Miller Woodliffe is entertaining the Every Wednesday club at the home of her mother, Mrs. Tillman B. Parks, on West Pond street.

Mrs. F. O. Collman and little daughter, Edith, have returned from a visit to relatives in Little Rock.

BARBS

A sculptor has modeled a study head of a tramp. Thereby inviting critics to rate it as bum work.

Dorothy thinks the the game warden is the man in charge of the playground.

In the oil districts, points out the office sage, men speak well of each other.

A writer says civilization is decaying. Rot!

High heels, a husband soon learns, are not enough to keep a woman in step with fashion.

A better name for the back seat of a roadster, if you've ever driven in one in cold weather, is the grumble seat.

Old Lady (digging conductor in ribs with umbrella): "Is that Portage Bridge, my man?"

Conductor: "No, ma'am it's me."

At Roosevelt's "Palace"



President Hoover left behind him scenes of enthusiastic acclaim, such as that pictured above, when he started homeward aboard the U. S. S. Arizona after his holiday cruise to the Caribbean Sea. Here you see a crowd of "adopted citizens" of the United States gathered to welcome him with cheers and a waving of hats as he appeared on the balcony of the governor's palace at San Juan, capital city of Porto Rico. The Chief Executive is shown standing directly above the American flag in the center, with Governor Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., at his right and Mrs. Roosevelt at his left.

Saxophone Defended By the True Music

Classic Composers of Last Century Made Use of It, Says Enthusiast, Writing About Instrument That Made Jazz Famous Since World War

"The fellow who invented the saxophone ought to be arrested," said Bill. "That would be a little difficult," I returned, "seeing that he was born in 1814, and invented the much-abused instrument in 1940."

"Oh," Bill interrupted, "I thought some African invented it during the war. Anyway, he should have been arrested. Why didn't he invent a musical instrument while he was about it?"

Though I had earned my way through college playing the saxophone, upon graduating I had given it up as a profession, and few of my friends suspected that I had stooped so low—but to go on with the tale.

"A musical instrument!" I retorted in defense. "Why, Strauss uses a quartet of saxophones in his 'Domestic Symphony,' and—say—you're another one of those cynics who condemn the saxophone simply because it's used in jazz orchestras. You don't like this so-called jazz, so you pick the saxophone from the entire orchestra and make nasty cracks about it."

"And furthermore," I continued before Bill could collect his wits, "what about the violin and piano and trumpet? They're used in dance orchestras and can make just as weird noises as the saxophone. Why don't you pick on them?"

"Well," Bill began weakly, then gathering steam, "the orchestras wouldn't be so bad if they used more violins and pianos and trumpets, and fewer saxophones."

"I see," said I, "where I must give you a lesson in saxophone appreciation. Come on over to my place."

I pulled the dusty case out from under the bed and gently took out the shining silver instrument.

"So you're one of the 'cannibal blowers' yourself," Bill said, in a rather embarrassed tone. "And here I was panning your pet hobby. Forgive me."

"Sure, Bill, but it's not a hobby. At least it wasn't. I took it seriously at one time. It gave me my education."

"I'll take it all back," he offered. "It's a great instrument."

"No you won't," I protested, "and yet it is. Now listen." I gave him a brief history of the saxophone, explaining further that it was introduced by Kastner in 1844.

"It was used later," I continued, seeing that Bill was interested, "by Meyerbeer, Thomas, Saint-Saens, Vincent d'Indy, Leoncavallo and Strauss, and quite widely in the French Army bands."

"But why, then," Bill asked, "isn't it used more now in symphony orchestras?"

"It is," I replied, "but not very commonly yet. Even where used it is not always known to the audience because few are looking for it, many

would not recognize it anyway, and it is often hidden from view."

"You see, most of the symphony music was written before the saxophone was invented, or had come into wide use, and of course no parts were included for it. The saxophone is heard to better advantage when it has a definite part in the orchestration. Modern composers, however, are recognizing, slowly but surely, the possibilities of the instrument and are writing parts for it, but I don't think many of them give it a fair chance."

"Well," Bill argued, "they get plenty of chance to hear it on the radio."

"Yes, and there's another point," I agreed. "They hear it played in jazz orchestras, and played thus the saxophone does not give an accurate demonstration of its possibilities."

"Some of the criticism of the saxophone is perhaps justified," I continued, "in that those who criticize hear it under the conditions I have described. I admit it is capable of distortion, but so are other instruments. It is simply easier to get 'different' effects on a saxophone. And when it is played as it should be, it is capable of the sweetest and the deepest kind of real music."

"We don't often hear it played rightly, because even when used in symphonies it never takes a solo part, and is seldom used outside as a solo instrument, except in stage or dance work. For jazz music it isn't felt necessary to play it in any way other than to produce the effect called for in that music."

I picked up the shining instrument, and played a few measures from the "Turkish March."

"That does explain a few things," Bill concluded. "Perhaps I have been a bit harsh in my judgment."

"Yes," I agreed, "people are inclined to judge many things harshly. We joke about the Einstein theory because we can't understand it. But the saxophone is weathering the storm, and will come through unscathed, except perhaps for a few comic nicknames."—*Christian Science Monitor*.

Cash Register Sales Good

WASHINGTON.—(U.P.)—Countless stores and offices during the past year contributed to the sale of \$100,582,000 worth of cash registers and adding machines sold. Almost 45 per cent of the total sales were made direct from the 46 manufacturers to individual users; the other 55 per cent went to wholesale and retail dealers and manufacturer's branches.

Piles Go Quick

Without Salves or Cutting
 Itching, bleeding, protruding piles are caused by bad circulation of the blood in the affected parts. The parts become weak, flabby, almost dead. Only an internal remedy can remove the cause—that's why salves, suppositories and cutting fail. Dr. Leonard's prescription, HEM-ROID, succeeds because it removes congestion, restores circulation, heals and strengthens the diseased parts. HEM-ROID has such a wonderful record of quick ending even piles of long standing, that Ward & Son says one bottle of HEM-ROID Tablets must end your pile agony or money back.

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AGE FOUR

MAD MARRIAGE

Author of "HEART HUNGRY"

MAIN HERE TODAY

Gypsy, 15-year-old, thought it was best to let the girl understand. The woman's face had hardened. "Who are you?" she demanded. "And what do you want here?" Gypsy spoke in a lower voice. "I'm Mrs. Wallace," she said. "I saw you in the courtroom the other day. My husband is Nina Roberts' attorney."

CHAPTER XXIX

A YOUNG GIRL in a soiled apron, answering Gypsy's ring, looked out doubtfully through the partly opened door.

"Does Mrs. Fowler live here?" Gypsy asked.

"Yes, ma'am, but I don't know if you can see her."

"You don't understand. Please tell her that I'm here."

"Oh, are you the nurse?"

The door opened then and the girl stepped back for Gypsy to enter. The pause was barely perceptible. Then Gypsy nodded.

"Yes, she said, 'I'm the nurse. Will you tell Mrs. Fowler I'm here?'"

A child's cry, fretful and high-pitched, rent the air, and the girl turned. "I'll tell her you're come," she said and disappeared through a doorway.

Gypsy had time to inspect the room. It ran the width of the house with a group of windows making a window seat facing the street. The room was well furnished though with no particular distinction. There was a piano at the far side, a piece of Chinese embroidery thrown over its top. The furniture was a matching set of heavy, overstuffed design with here and there a piece of mahogany. The rug looked expensive. There were newspapers in an untidy heap on theavenport, and Gypsy caught glimpses of the black headlines describing the Roberts trial. It must have been a day or two, since the room had been dusted. Gypsy noticed that there were ashes in the tray beside the aavenport.

At the sound of footsteps the girl arose. Mrs. Fowler—she recognized her—immediately appeared in the doorway. The woman's face was drawn and worn. Her hair was knotted back carelessly. She looked gladder when Gypsy had seen her in the courtroom.

"You're Miss Thompson?" she said to Gypsy. "I wasn't expecting you so soon, but I'm glad you've come. Bobby's feverish and I can't make him lie quiet. Shall we go up?"

Gypsy interrupted: "Just a minute, Mrs. Fowler," she said. "I'd better tell you at once I'm not the nurse."

"Why, what do you mean?"

"I'm not the nurse—Miss Thompson or whoever it was you expected. I've come to see you about something terribly important. I couldn't tell anyone else and I

thought it was best to let the girl understand."

The woman's face had hardened. "Who are you?" she demanded. "And what do you want here?"

Gypsy spoke in a lower voice. "I'm Mrs. Wallace," she said. "I saw you in the courtroom the other day. My husband is Nina Roberts' attorney."

Mrs. Fowler put up one hand to stop her. "I can't listen to you," she said. "Upstairs my little boy is lying sick—maybe dying! I've got to go to him. You'll have to leave."

It was terrible to see the woman's agony. This was nothing like the fainting spell in the courtroom.

"But I can't go until I've told you—" Gypsy began. The ring of the doorbell interrupted. Mrs. Fowler hesitated. Then she opened the door.

A pleasant soprano voice spoke. "I'm Miss Thompson," the voice said. "Dr. Rogers sent me to take care of the little boy."

"Please come in."

A young woman in a blue suit, carrying a small suitcase, entered. She smiled at Gypsy. "How is the child now?" the nurse asked.

"When I left him," Mrs. Fowler said, "he was quieter, but I don't know how long it will last. Will you come upstairs?"

The two disappeared and Gypsy sat down, frowning. It must be now or never. Mrs. Fowler would have to listen to her! Twice she heard the child crying. It must have been 10 minutes before the woman returned.

Mrs. Fowler had been weeping. She came directly to the girl, fixing her frightened eyes on Gypsy's. "What is it you want?" she asked.

Out of the unknown, inspiration had come to Gypsy. It was not what she had intended to say. It was intuition—born in that brief instant Mrs. Fowler had paused on the threshold. There was no time to consider.

Gypsy stood up. Her voice was hushed. "I've come to tell you that they know!" she whispered dramatically.

"Who? What do you mean?"

"I've come from the trial—Nina Roberts' trial. Gypsy went on breathlessly. "I've come to tell you they know she didn't do it. They've got the whole story. Everything! I've come to warn you—"

Mrs. Fowler's eyes were glassy. She was staring at the girl. Gypsy, sure she was right, went on resolutely.

"Go to my husband and tell him the truth!" she whispered. "Only hurry! He'll help you. They'll be easier on you if you confess. Tell them he was cruel to you! You've got a chance if you hurry. No one will ever know that I've been here. I promise you they'll never know!"

Mrs. Fowler had buried her face in her hands. Her shoulders rocked. When the words came they were indistinct.

"He threatened to kill Bobby!" she moaned. "I—I had to do it!"

Gypsy put her hand on the other woman's arm. "Tell them that," she said. "They'll be easy with you. Did he strike you?"

Mrs. Fowler shook her head. Her voice was still muffled. "He hit Bobby!" she said. "He was jealous of him. And now Bobby's going to die to punish me! Oh, I've been

nearly crazy! Bobby isn't going to get well. He's going to die because I've been a wicked woman! I didn't mean to do it. I tell you, I swear I didn't! Oh, Bobby, Bobby! Oh, what will I do?"

"HUSH—you'll disturb the boy!" Gypsy ordered. Mrs. Fowler was weeping hysterically. There was no time to lose. "Bobby isn't going to die," the girl went on. "Don't you see if you tell the truth things will be all right? Listen, I have a cab waiting outside. Get your coat and hat and I'll take you right down—"

"But I can't go. I can't leave Bobby!" the woman protested.

"Do you want him to die? Do you want him to die because you let them punish Nina Roberts for what you did?"

It was all illogical but it was effective. Almost before Mrs. Fowler knew what she was doing Gypsy had her in the taxicab. Throughout the ride the woman kept her eyes covered with a handkerchief. She wept spasmodically. Gypsy was excited. Over and over she repeated instructions.

Mrs. Fowler was to go to the little room at the right of the entrance and speak to the bailiff. She must say she had an important message for Mr. Wallace. Very important! After Jim appeared she must talk to him privately and tell him it was she who had killed her husband. Jim would know what to do next.

When the cab stopped Gypsy pulled the other woman's hat down to hide her face. There was little likelihood that Mrs. Fowler would be recognized.

"I can't come with you," Gypsy said, "but I'll be praying for Bobby Goodby!"

She told the driver to wait until the black-coated figure had disappeared through the entrance to the courthouse. Then they drove back to the Wallace home.

When she entered the house Gypsy was amazed to find it was only 10:30. There were letters on the table in the hall. She glanced through them. Nothing interesting. She tried to busy herself at her desk tasks and gave up each one in disgust. Only one thing occupied her mind. What was happening in the courtroom?

There were moments when she wondered if Mrs. Fowler's nerve had failed her. Had she been able to reach Jim?

"I should have stayed down town," Gypsy thought. "There might be extras on the street. No—it's better for me to be home!"

So long as she was alone she could not keep her mind off the trial. She went upstairs and changed to a house dress, then descended to the kitchen. Matilda was putting clean paper on the shelves of the cupboard for canned supplies.

"Matilda," Gypsy asked, "how do you make cookies?"

The cook looked around from her perch on the top of the stepladder. "Haven't you ever baked cookies?" she asked incredulously.

"No, but I'm going to. I'm going to make some now."

"But Mrs. Wallace, Friday's the baking day. If I'd known you wanted cookies I'd have made them early."

"I'm glad you didn't," Gypsy interrupted. "I don't want you to

make the cookies, Matilda. I want to make them myself."

THE cook looked dubious. "What kind of cookies were you going to make?"

"I don't know. Molasses cookies, I guess. No, ginger. We've got some ginger, haven't we?"

"Yes, Mrs. Wallace."

"Where's the cook book?"

"There's some books up there on the shelf in the cabinet but if you want the kind of ginger cookies I make I never use a recipe."

"Well, then, you can tell me what to put in," Gypsy lifted down a large yellow mixing bowl and hunted through a drawer for spoons. Matilda's gaze was disapproving. This was certainly an unaccustomed procedure.

"I can stir up a batch in no time," she suggested. "I can make 'em right after lunch—"

Gypsy shook her head. "They may be terrible cookies," she said, "but I'm going to make them myself. Now what's the first thing I put into this bowl?"

For a half-hour she stirred and mixed dough and rolled it into thin sheets to be cut in discs. Matilda was at her elbow, prompting, suggesting, but Gypsy refused assistance. When the first tin of cookies went into the oven the girl stepped back with a sigh.

"What time is it?" she asked.

It was 11:30. Time enough for Jim to have telephoned if there were any news. Surely there should have been word by this time. Gypsy went to the door and propped it open so they could hear more clearly if the telephone rang.

There was another tray of cookies to be filled. Presently the air was filled with pungent, spicy odor. "Want me to look at 'em?" Matilda asked. "Cookies burn awful easy."

Gypsy drew down the oven door. The cookies had puffed up and some of them had run together. She turned the blaze lower and returned to the mixing board. Soon the first tin was out and the second baking.

"They're good," Matilda admitted grudgingly. Gypsy munched a warm cookie and nodded, satisfied.

"You'll have to write down the recipe for me," she told the cook. "Where'd you learn how to make them?"

Matilda raised her hands in a gesture of mock despair. "How should I know? Ginger cookies—I've always made them the same way. German girls learn how to cook when they're young. One of seven, I was, I used to help my mother with the baking when I was 10 years old."

"Where did you live when you were a girl?" Gypsy asked.

"Minnesota. I've got two brothers there still."

It was not the occasion for Gypsy to be interested in Matilda's relatives. As soon as the last tin of cookies was out of the oven she left the kitchen.

Gypsy went into the living room and gazed dejectedly out at the street. Suddenly she heard an unfamiliar noise. She ran to the front door and out on the porch. Far off the distance she heard a boy shouting. "Extra—Extra!"

She could not see the newsboy but the voice came from the right. Gypsy started down the steps, but then the telephones rang shrilly. She turned but before she was inside the house Matilda was calling; "Telephone, Mrs. Wallace!"

(To Be Continued)

Shall Boy Giant Be Stunted?



Adolph Roomé Jr., is only 14, but he stands over six feet and weighs 235 pounds—and is still growing. His divorced parents have gone to court at Los Angeles in a dispute over whether doctors should be permitted to administer serum treatment to halt the boy's phenomenal growth. His father, Dr. A. E. Roomé, favored the plan, his mother opposed it.

Firemen Succeeded Where Doctor Failed

WASHINGTON.—(U.P.)—Clarence Holmes, two years old, was given a ring by his father, but it didn't quite fit. Once Clarence got the ring on, he couldn't get it off. Soap and hot water and even a hospital physician were of no use. Clarence began to wail—loud and long. The ring had to come off. His parents called the police and in a few minutes sirens were heard for blocks away and the fire rescue squad, a new ambulance, and two radio patrol cars arrived to investigate. Firemen used a large knife to cut the ring from Clarence's finger.

Sued to Get Home Back

BRIDGEPORT, Conn.—(U.P.)—Jacob B. Jones attached his own home in a suit, charging his step-daughter refused to turn back to him property he conveyed to her four years ago to prevent it from becoming involved in litigation.

Elevator "Boy" Bowler

MEMPHIS.—(U.P.)—"Uncle Jim" Kelly, 75, for 15 years elevator boy in the Shelby county courthouse, is said to be the best informed man in Memphis on law cases and despite his age is one of the city's best bowlers.

Sleep On Right Side, Best For Your Heart

If you toss in bed all night and can't sleep on right side, try simple glycerine, saline, etc. (Adlerika). Just One dose relieves stomach GAS pressing on heart so you sleep sound all night. Unlike other medicine, Adlerika acts on BOTH upper and lower bowel, removing poisons you never knew were there. Relieves constipation in 2 hours! Let Adlerika cleanse your stomach and bowels and see how good you feel. John S. Gibson Drug Co. Adv.

CARDUI HELPED MANY WOMEN

South Carolina Lady Has Seen Numerous Cases Where Cardui Proved of Benefit.

After having taken Cardui on several occasions in the last few years, Mrs. Fannie Rogers, of Dillon, S. C., says: "I was very much run-down. I got pale and weak, and I was so nervous I did not know what to do. I was restless at night and my legs ached for hours at a time. My back hurt, and it seemed I could not lift my finger's weight. I began taking Cardui, and in a short space of time I began to improve. My strength returned, and my general health was better than it had been in years. I have found many of my friends about Cardui, and have seen many women who have improved after taking it. My experience with Cardui can't be measured in dollars and cents, and I am very grateful."

Why not try Cardui, right away, for your troubles? It has helped so many women, you should try it, in your case.

Extracted from purely vegetable medicinal ingredients.

CARDUI USED BY WOMEN FOR OVER 50 YEARS

Take Thedford's Black-Draught for Constipation, Indigestion, Bloating, 25 cents a package.

PROVIDENCE

Sunday school at this place was reorganized Sunday and the following officers were elected: C. C. Brown, superintendent; O. B. Thompson, assistant superintendent, and Mrs. Charles Covington, secretary. The time was set at 9:45 a. m. There will also be singing each Sunday night beginning at 7:30.

Opal, Marie and Earl Yates, Wilma Roberts and Beatrice Prince were supper guests of Pauline and Frank Simmons Sunday night.

Mr. and Mrs. Bob Wyllie of near Emmet and Mr. and Mrs. Trdmore of Waterloo visited Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Jones Sunday afternoon.

Miss Mary Morrow who is working at Waterloo spent the week end with home folks here.

Miss Bonnie Bateman was the supper guest of Miss Anne Lee Campbell Sunday night.

R. G. Byers spent the week end in Longview, Tex.

Mr. and Mrs. B. W. Jones of Hope visited his parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Jones Tuesday.

Singing at this place was well attended Sunday night.

HARMONY

Farming seems to be the order of the day in this community.

Mrs. Jennie Watney, aged 60, died at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Emma Ebling about 12 o'clock Saturday night. She is a sister of Cal Cox at McNeal, Ark.

Mack McMillen is on the sick list this week.

Mrs. Nellie Leach and son, George, were visitors to Washington Thursday.

Mrs. Emma Ebling and children are visiting their daughter, Mrs. Emmet Rogers, at Stratoga this week.

George Karber and son, Jim, and Melvin Jordan were Hope visitors Saturday.

Mrs. Violet Daugherty and son Denver and Herman McMillen were visitors to Hope Thursday.

The school at Harmony closed Friday evening with an egg hunt.

Lee Jeanes and Munroe Cox were visitors to Waldo Sunday night.

HENRY CHAPEL

Health in this community isn't very good at present.

Mrs. Andy Jordan is still very ill at this time, also John Jordan has the "flu."

Mr. and Mrs. Earl Fincher spent Wednesday night with home folks at Rocky Mount, Mr. and Mrs. Earl Ellis and children.

A. B. Turner was a Hope visitor Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Carl Jordan of Fort Worth are at the bedside of their mother.

Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Simmons and Mrs. Frank Bailey attended the Fifth Sunday meeting at Rocky Mount and visited Mr. and Mrs. Carl Ellis while there.

Mrs. Arlis Ellis of Bluff Springs and Mrs. Fletcher Easterling of McNeer are at the home of their parents helping to care for their mother.

Frank Simmons of Providence visited J. T. Cumbit Sunday. They visited

Earl Fincher a while Sunday Sunday morning.

Mrs. Jim Cumbit was carried to the Josephine hospital in Hope Monday to undergo an operation. We wish her a speedy recovery.

Miss Julia Bearden visited in Hope Wednesday.

UNION

We are having so very cool weather and is bad on our gardens and fruit. Some having reported having their tomato plants killed.

Charles Carlton had the misfortune of getting his arm broken several days ago, cranking his truck.

Miss Muri Lee and Harvey Hamm were married Saturday night at Mr. Tuthur May's of Bodcaw.

Charles Carlton and daughter Maris, were business visitors of Barnett Bennett at Rocky Mount Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Earl Herring of Bodcaw spent a while Thursday night of last week with Alva and Maggie Carlton.

Arthur Mattson and Alva Carlton made a business trip to Hope Wednesday.

Miss Marie Carlton spent Thursday night with her aunt Mrs. Joe Carlton of Bodcaw No. 1.

Men the Best Cooks

PHILADELPHIA, (U.P.)—Men are far better cooks than women, according to Mrs. Melaine Ketchell, Viennese pastry authority, who spoke before a group of women recently.

Cops Couldn't See Joke

WEST FIELD, Mass.—(U.P.)—Jaworski was sent to jail for 30 days because, within an hour and a half, he telephoned to police headquarters 20 times "just for fun."

No Wonder Lovely Women Like It!

No wonderful beautiful women love this new face powder made by exclusive French process. MELLO-GLO stays on longer. Prevents large pores. So smooth and fine. It blends naturally with any complexion and gives fresh, youthful bloom. No irritation. No flaky or pastry look. Never leaves the skin dry. It's wonderful. Geo. W. Robison & Co., or John P. Cox Drug Company.

A Real Bargain

Special Introductory Value for a few days only

| | |
|-------------------|--------|
| GOLD PLUME COFFEE | \$1.25 |
| Large Can | |
| GOLD PLUME COFFEE | 10c |
| Pound Can | |

With the Following Items Absolutely Free

One Cup and Saucer
Baseball Bat
One 2 pound sack best flour
2 small packages Malt-O-Meal
One 10c package Gold Plume Tea

All for \$1.35

Middlebrooks

GROCERY COMPANY

We Are As Near As Your Telephone

Phone 606 or 607

Hundreds of eager shoppers were on hand Saturday morning waiting for the doors to open. All day Saturday and again Monday thrifty shoppers made great savings at

Patterson's

DEPARTMENT STORE

OWNED AND OPERATED BY ONE HOME FAMILY FOR MORE THAN THIRTY YEARS

Great Prosperity S-A-L-E!

First to present the New Spring Fashions, at prices so low as to invite immediate selection.

Every day at this sale you can save big money on DRY GOODS—CLOTHING—SHOES—MEN'S WEAR—LADIES APPAREL and MILLINERY



One complete 32 piece Dinner Set to be sold for

5c

EACH AFTERNOON at four o'clock, all this week. Ask about this dinner set when you attend the sale.

Come! Save! Prosper!

HELP!

—Help to bring prosperity back by saving on your Spring and Summer purchases.

Everything that is new is shown here, now. And a wide selection to choose from.

Color Discrimination Embarrasses Robeson

TORONTO, Ont.—(U.P.)—Paul Robeson, noted negro singer, is "quite broad-minded about this matter of

color discrimination," he told interviewers when he visited Toronto recently.

Finding hotel accommodation is the most embarrassing problem, Robeson said. "It is natural that certain situations cause me embarrassment," he

stated. "Because of this I make it a practice on staying at hotels to take my meals in my rooms and am careful not to appear in places where I know embarrassment will be caused to others as well as myself."

Robeson said he found it easy to understand why there still is strong racial prejudice in the United States, since it is only a few generations since the days of slavery.

Diet Makes Fats Thin and Thins Fat

STONEHAM, Mass.—(U.P.)—A diet which supposedly makes fat people thin and thin people fat is the subject of an experiment being conducted among nurses at the New England Sanatorium.

A typical day's diet under the schedule for which Sanatorium doctors claim unusual success follows: Breakfast—Orange, graham mush with dates, glass of milk, one slice of whole-wheat bread with butter.

Lunch—Yellow-eyed beans, potatoes (skins to be eaten), carrots and olive salad, baked apple.

Dinner—Prunes stuffed with peanut butter, glass of milk, apple or banana.

Mitchell Named to Head International Air Legion

WASHINGTON.—(U.P.)—General William "Billy" Mitchell, former assistant chief of the Army air service, has been chosen to command the International Air Legion, recently organized "fraternity."

Membership in the Legion is open to government, private and commercial fliers throughout the world.

The legion advocates: a free employment service for pilots and mechanics; dissemination of information regarding aeronautical legislation; foundation of a benevolent fund for needy fliers; and sponsoring of frequent "air meets."

Dr. Hugo Eckener, commander of the Graf Zeppelin, is said to have accepted the post of German national commander.

The old gentleman's wife was entering a railway carriage, and he neglected to assist her.

"You are not so gallant, John, as when I was a girl," she exclaimed, in gentle rebuke.

"No," was the ready reply, "and you are not so buoyant as when I was a boy."

OUT OUR WAY

—By Williams

